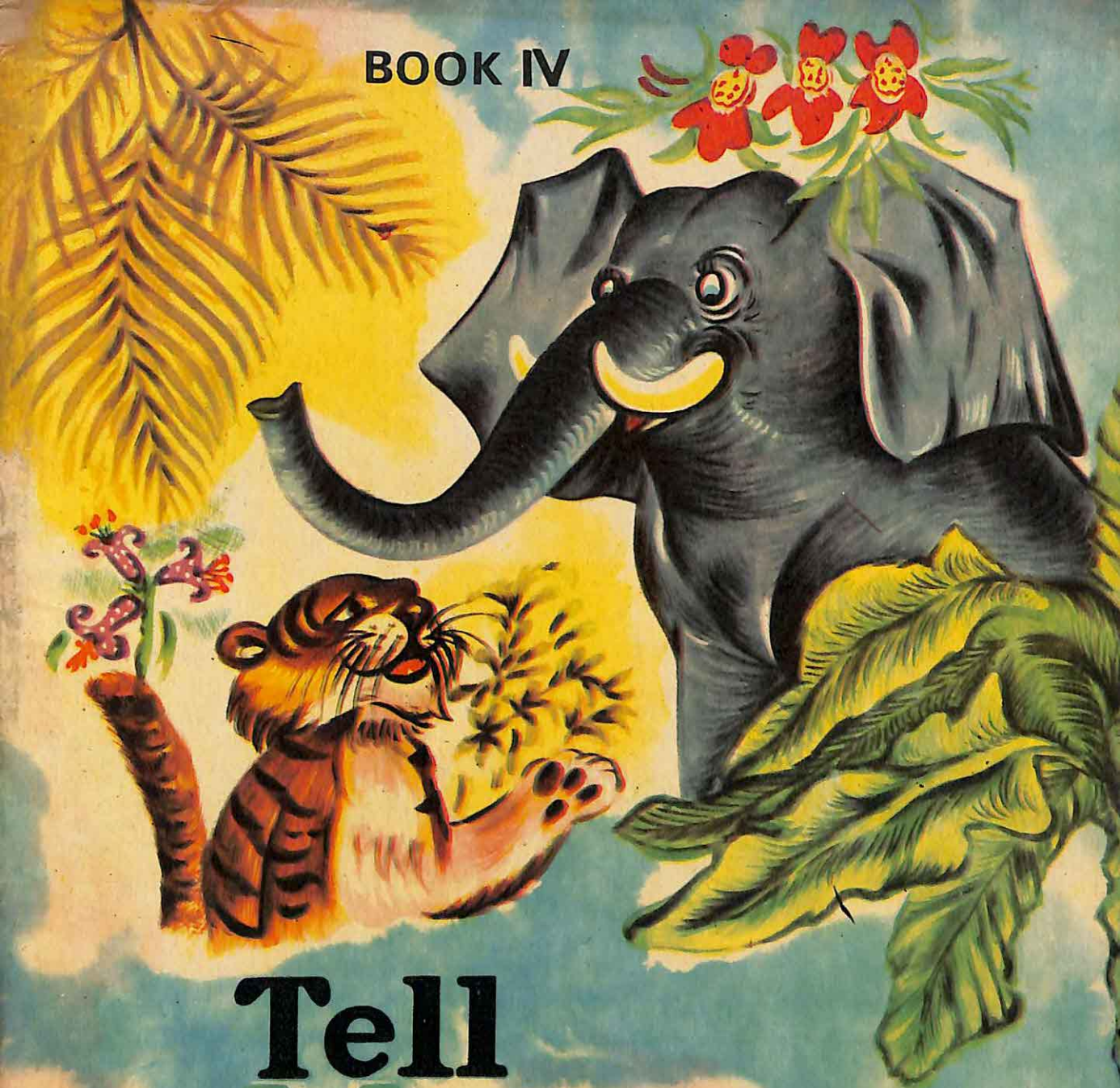


BOOK IV



Tell Me Stories

TELL ME STORIES

BOOK IV

(Short Stories for Children)

By

Nirmala Vaidyanathan

Sheila Subbramanian

With a foreword by

(Miss) S. K. Ram

AMBAR PARKASHAN

Educational Publishers

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PREFACE

The TELL ME STORIES series consists of six books. They are designed to be used as Supplementary Readers for classes III to VIII. The language, that is, the grammatical constructions and lexical items of this series has been carefully controlled and graded. Sometimes the use of a few new content words of not very high frequency has become inevitable. These words, however, will not obstruct comprehension in any way as their meaning is brought out by the context in which they have been used and by the illustrations. The stories in this series are interesting and meet the needs and interests of different types of pupils. The exercises aim at promoting

(a) global comprehension by highlighting important events and attributes of characters and

(b) deep comprehension by making the child draw conclusions, form opinions and value judgements.

We are deeply indebted to Miss S. K. Ram without whose inspiration and guidance it would not have been possible to prepare this series.

We would welcome the comments and suggestions of pupils and teachers which would help us in improving the next edition of this series.

Nirmala Vaidyanathan
Sheila Subbramanian

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FOREWORD

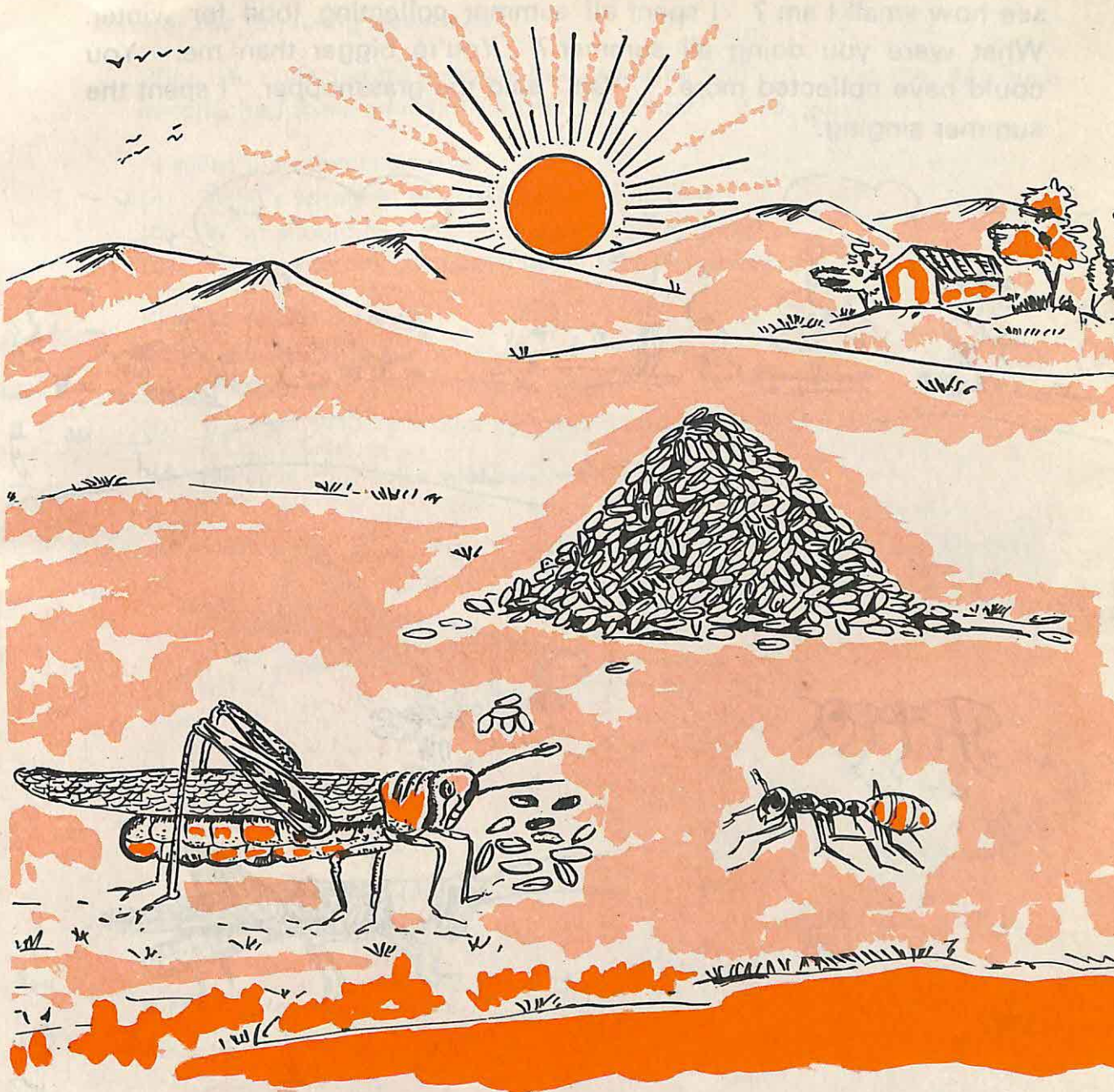
Reading has become indispensable in the world of today. It is the most potential instrument of education. The young pupil while learning English will develop a taste for reading if the material given to him is linguistically simple and thematically interesting. The authors of this series have kept these two principles in mind. The language of the series is simple and provides a good sample of modern English usage. The content of the books is exciting. The series contain stories and dialogues which cover a wide gamut of experiences extending from simple descriptions of events to the narration of tales, anecdotes, myths and legends. A sincere effort has been made to select stories which have not become stereotyped and which have an element of wit and humour. I feel that this set of books will contribute materially towards instilling in the pupils a love for reading.

(Miss) S. K. Ram

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1. YOU CAN'T SING ALL THE TIME



One sunny winter afternoon an ant dragged out some grains of wheat to dry in the sun. She had collected these grains during the summer for winter. A hungry grasshopper passing by saw the grains. He said to the Ant, "I've nothing to eat at home. There is nothing to eat in the fields. I'm hungry. Can I have some of your food?"

"Why do you come to me for food?" asked the Ant, "Can't you see how small I am? I spent all summer collecting food for winter. What were you doing all summer? You're bigger than me. You could have collected more." "Oh," said the grasshopper, "I spent the summer singing."

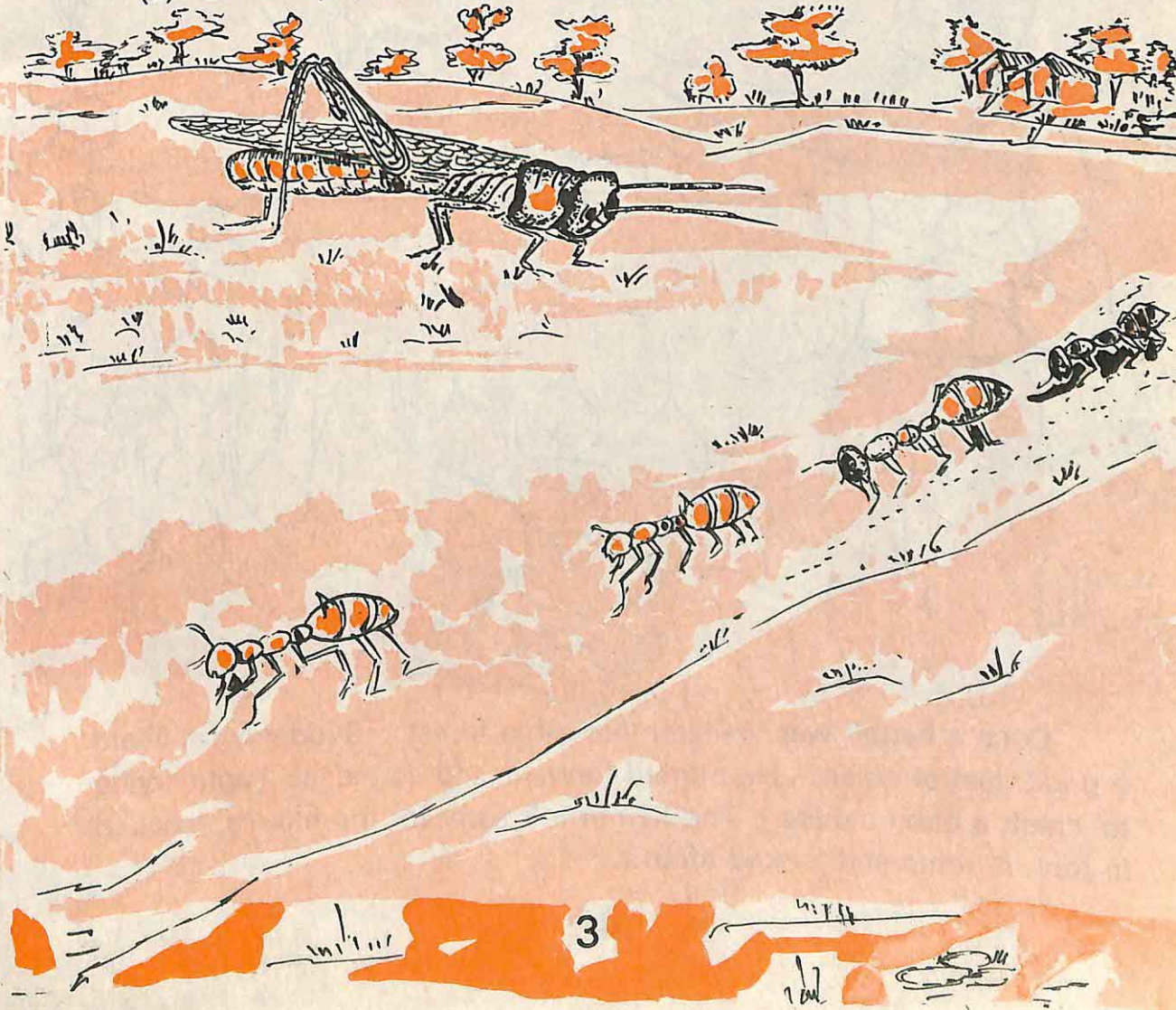


"Well then," said the ant, "You sang all summer, now you can dance all winter."

EXERCISES

Answer the following questions :

1. "She had collected these grains in summer for winter." Was the Ant wise in collecting these grains in summer for winter? If so, why?
2. "I spent the summer singing."
 - (a) What's wrong in the Grasshopper's action?
 - (b) What should he have done apart from singing?
 - (c) Would you call the Grasshopper lazy or foolish?
3. Pick the right answer.
Why can't you sing all the time?
 - (a) Because you would become tired.
 - (b) Because there is a time for singing and a time for working.
 - (c) Because your voice will become hoarse.

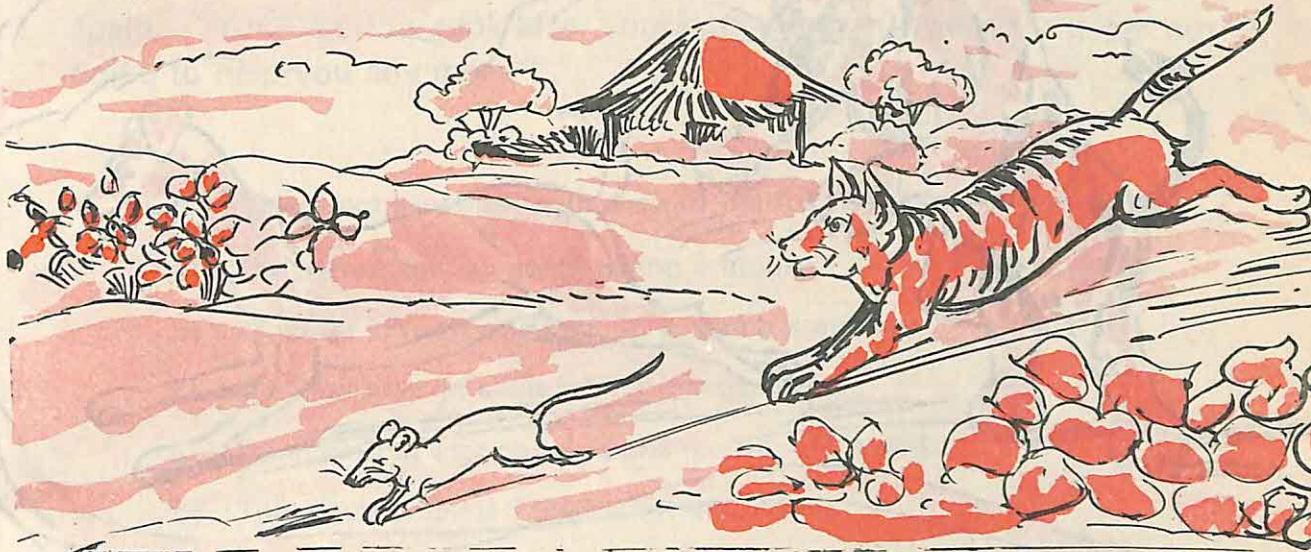


2. THE UNGRATEFUL MOUSE



Once a hermit was walking through a forest. Suddenly he heard a great deal of noise. He hurried forward and found an eagle trying to catch a baby mouse. The hermit felt sorry for the mouse, rescued it, took it home and looked after it.

One day a cat saw the mouse and chased it. The mouse was very frightened. "Help me! Help me!" he screamed. The hermit felt sorry for the mouse and changed it into a cat. It was no longer frightened.



After sometime a dog saw the cat and chased it. "Help me! Help me!" cried the cat running to the hermit. The hermit took pity on the cat and changed it into a dog. The dog was now happy and no longer frightened.





One day a tiger came near the hermit's house. It saw the dog and chased it. The dog was very frightened. It ran to the hermit crying. The hermit was sorry for it and changed it into a tiger. The tiger roared loudly and was no longer frightened.



After a few days the tiger saw a little mouse in one corner of the hermit's hut and chased it. The hermit stopped him and said, "Leave it alone. It's frightened. The tiger was angry. He said to himself, "Who is he to order me? I'll kill and eat him up." The hermit knew what the tiger was thinking and turned him into a small mouse again. "You can now look after yourself", said the hermit. "I am not going to help you any more."

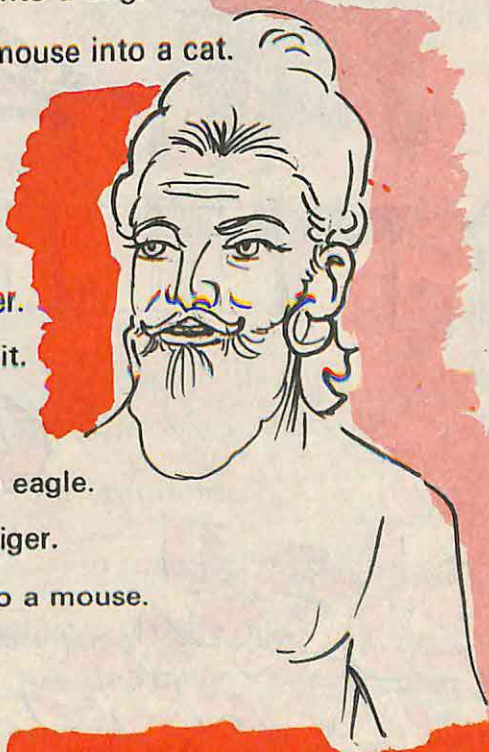
EXERCISES

I. Choose the correct sentence from each of the following sets of sentences :

- i. a) The hermit saw an eagle eating a mouse.
b) A hermit saw an eagle trying to catch a mouse.
c) A hermit saw an eagle killing a mouse.
- ii. a) The hermit at first changed the mouse into a dog.
b) The mouse changed the hermit into a dog.
c) The hermit at first changed the mouse into a cat.
- iii. a) The dog chased the mouse.
b) The cat chased the tiger.
c) The dog chased the cat.
- iv. a) The hermit was afraid of the tiger.
b) The tiger was afraid of the hermit.
c) The dog was afraid of the tiger.
- v. a) The mouse was changed into an eagle.
b) The hermit was changed into a tiger.
c) The hermit changed the tiger into a mouse.

II The mouse was ungrateful because

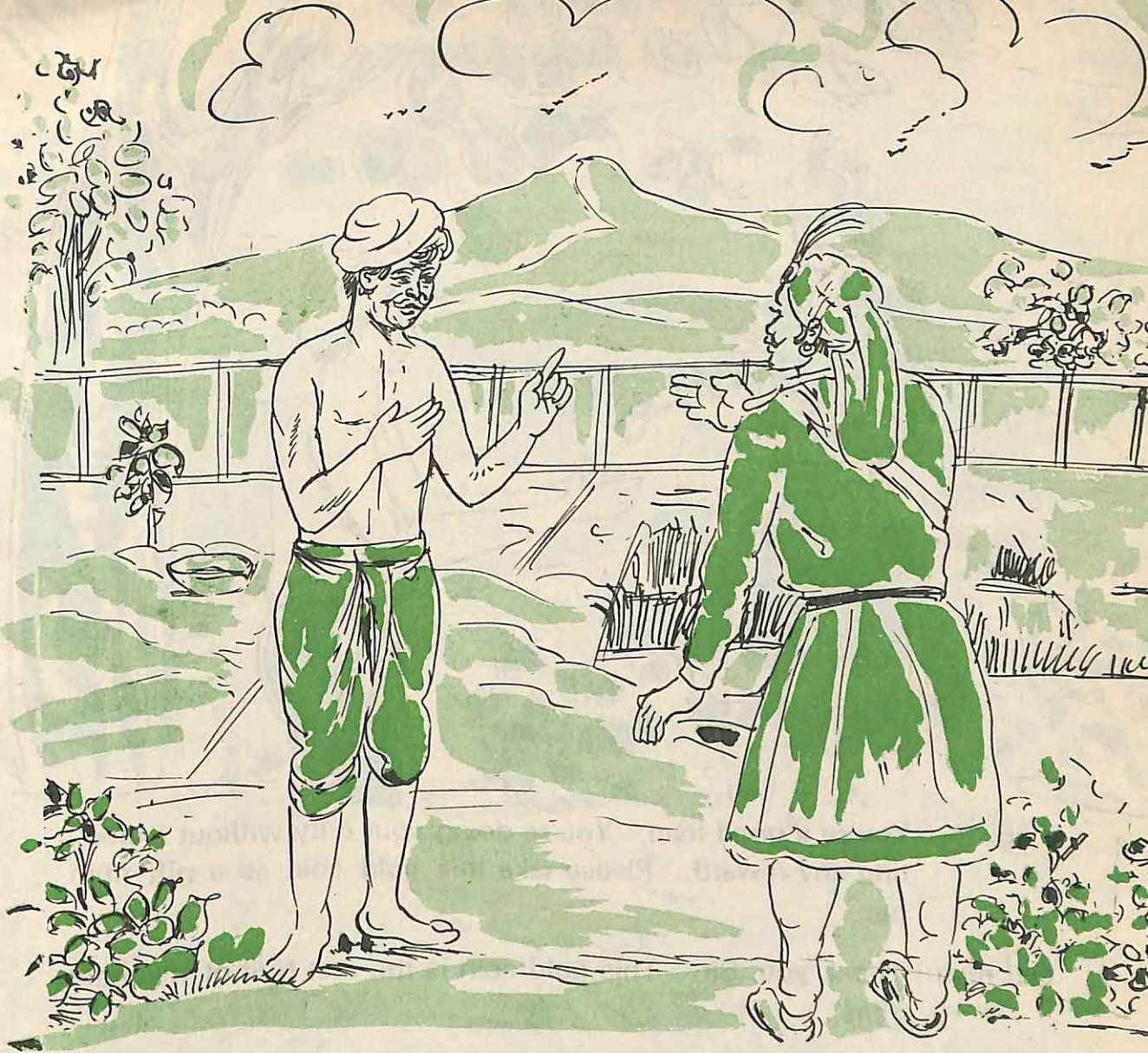
- a) it was afraid of the cat.
- b) it wanted to eat the hermit.
- c) it did not listen to the hermit.



3. THE FIRST FRUIT



One morning a king left his capital and went out into countryside.
He saw an old farmer in a field.



King : Good morning friend. What are you doing ?

Old man : Good morning, Your Highness. I'm planting mango saplings

King : Yes, I see you're planting saplings. These little saplings will be big trees in fifteen years. Are you going to eat their fruit ?

Old man : No, Sir. I'm old and weak. I'm not going to eat their fruit. But others will eat it. I'm planting these saplings for them and I'm happy.



King : You're a good man. You're doing your duty without expecting any reward. Please take this gold coin as a gift from me.

Old man : Thank you, Sir. This gold coin is the first fruit of my little trees.

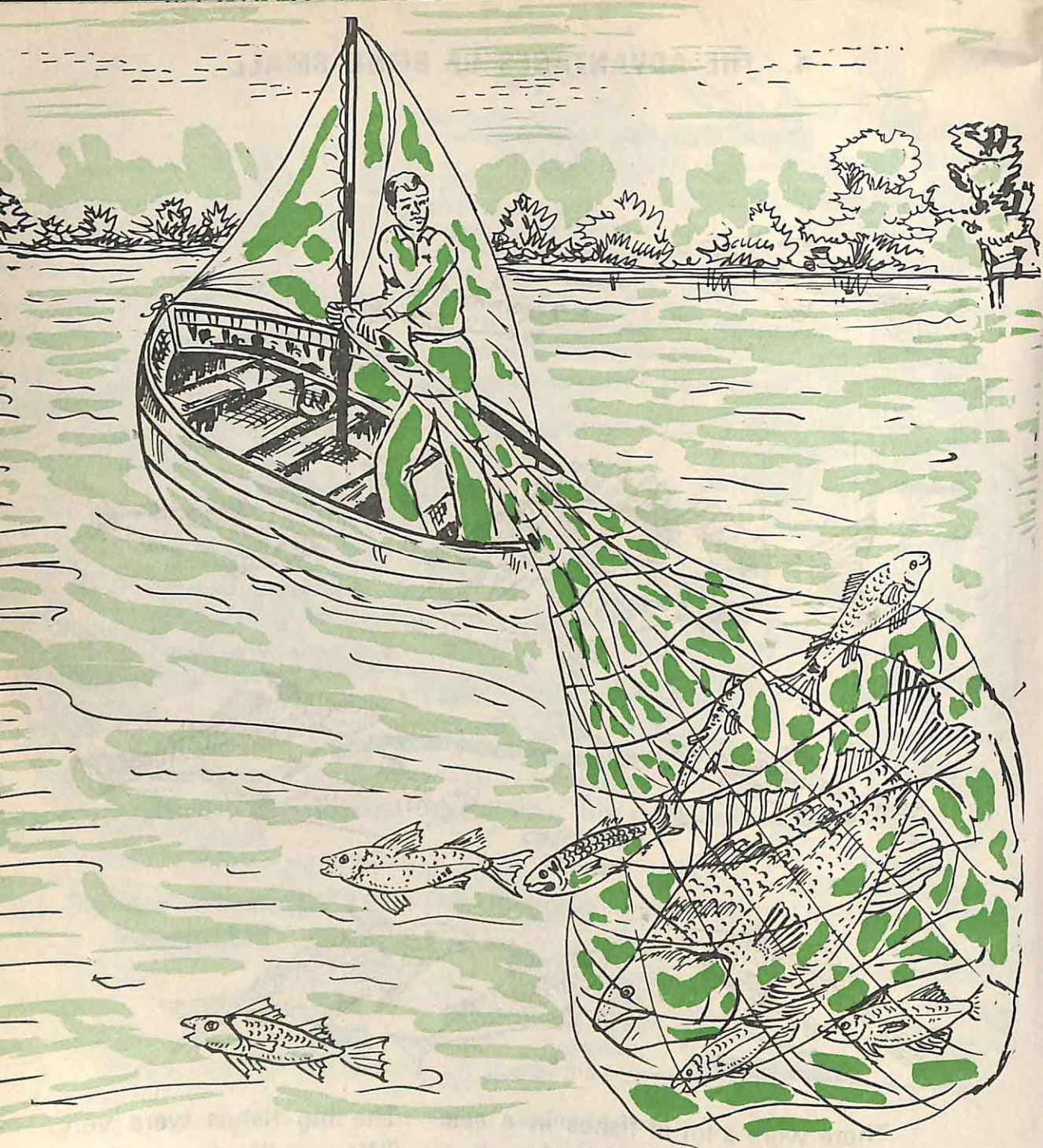
EXERCISES

1. The king saw an old farmer. What was the farmer doing ?
2. How long does it take for a mango sapling to bear fruit ?
3. Would the old farmer eat the fruit of the mango saplings ?
4. The king called the farmer a good man. Why did he describe him in these words ?
5. What was the first fruit of the mango saplings ?

4. THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING SMALL



There were a lot of fishes in a sea. The big fishes were very proud of their size. They used to boast, "We are the terror of the deep. Every one is afraid of us but we're not afraid of any one." They quite often ate up the little fishes. If the little fishes tried to fight them they said, "You little fishes, don't waste your strength. You can't fight. You're easily captured."



One day a fisherman lowered a big net into the sea. The net was strong but it had big holes. The big fishes were quickly caught and hauled into the ship. The little fishes managed to escape through the wide holes.

EXERCISES

I. Answer the following :

(1) "Every one is afraid of us but we are not afraid of any one." What quality of the big fishes is brought out in this sentence ?

II. Put a (✓) against the correct sentences and a (x) against the incorrect ones :

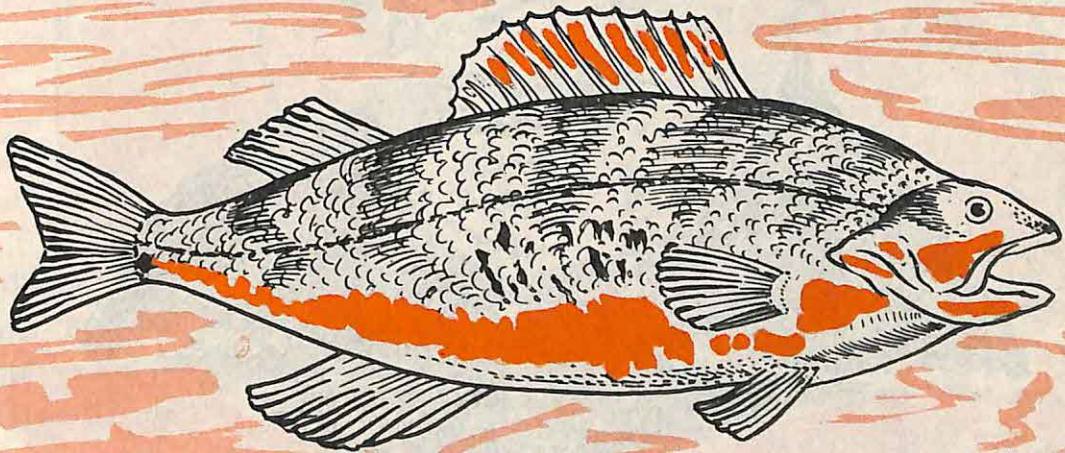
(1) The big fishes were the terror of the deep.

(2) The fisherman could not catch the little fishes because his net had big holes .

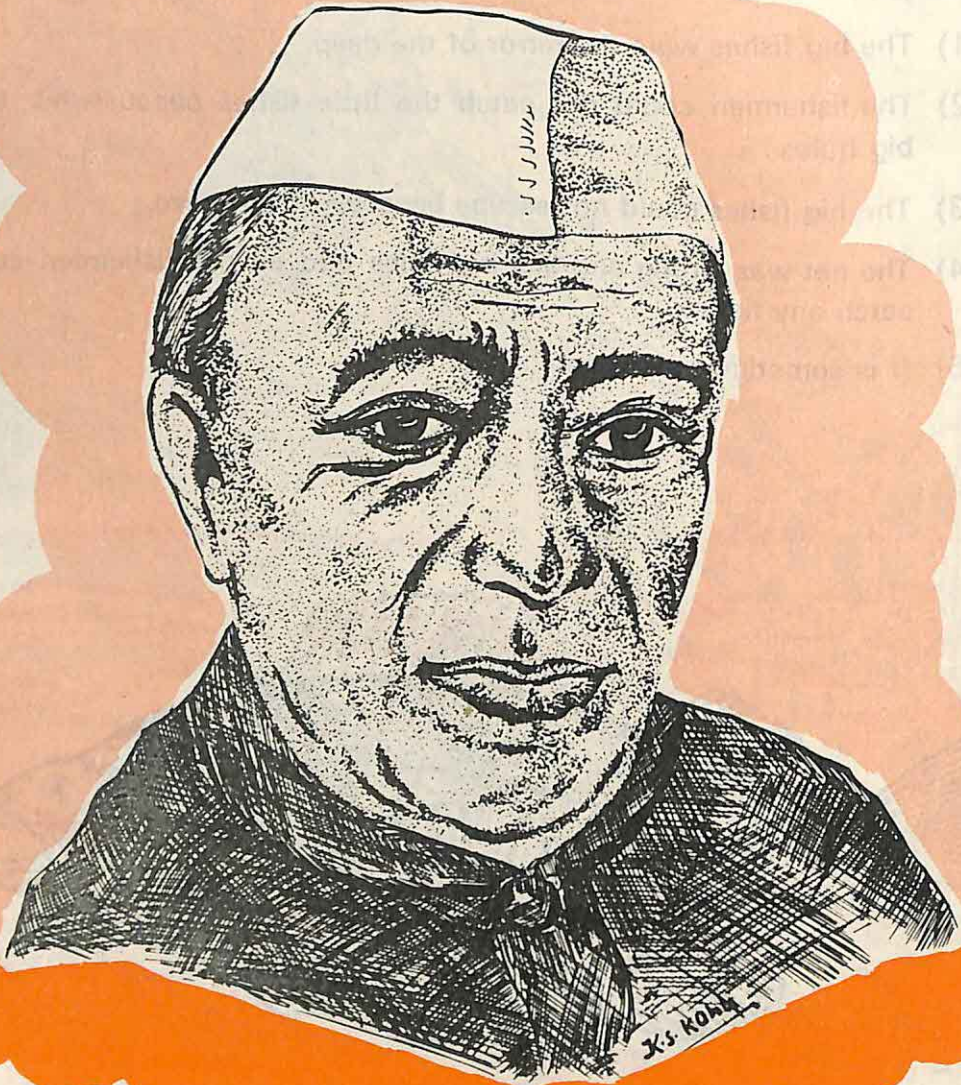
(3) The big fishes could not escape because of their size.

(4) The net was strong and had big holes and so the fishermen could not catch any fishes.

(5) It is sometimes safe to be small.



5. "BHARAT MATA KI JAI"



Late in the evening in the year 1936 Pandit Nehru and his friends were coming to Delhi. They were coming by car from Rohtak in the Punjab.

Near a village they saw a big crowd of men and women. They were sitting by the roadside and waiting for Pandit Nehru. There were torches in their hands. Pandit Nehru's car stopped and the crowd shouted, "Bharat Mata Ki Jai". Pandit Nehru got out of his car. The crowd shouted, "Bharat Mata Ki Jai" again and again. Pandit Nehru



smiled and asked them, "What does 'Bharat Mata Ki Jai' mean?" The men and women looked at Nehru. They could not answer his question. Pandit Nehru again asked them, "What's the meaning of 'Bharat Mata Ki Jai'?" Then one farmer said, "Mata is 'dharti', the earth." Nehru said, "Yes, Mata is the earth. But which earth is it? Is it the earth of your village or the earth of the Punjab or the earth of the world?" The crowd was silent. Then Pandit Nehru said, "Bharat is India. She's our mother and we're her children. Our 'Jai' is for all Indians. Who are these Indians? You and others like you. 'Bharat Mata Ki Jai' is our Jai and the 'Jai' of our brothers and sisters all over India."

EXERCISES

I. Choose the correct answer

1. Pandit Nehru was returning from
 - (1) Punjab.
 - (2) Rohtak.
 - (3) a village.
2. Pandit Nehru stopped at the village
 - (1) because it was night time.
 - (2) because he saw the torches.
 - (3) because people were waiting for him.
3. Bharat Mata is
 - (1) India.
 - (2) the earth.
 - (3) the world.
4. Bharat Mata Ki Jai is
 - (1) for India.
 - (2) for all Indians.
 - (3) for the earth.



6. LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

Players

Red Riding Hood

Wolf

Grandmother

Woodcutter



Scene I

[Red Riding Hood is picking flowers in the middle of a wood. A wolf comes up to her.]

Wolf : Good morning, little girl. What's your name ?

Red Riding Hood: (turning round) Good Morning, Mr Wolf. My name is Red Riding Hood.

Wolf : Where do you live, little Red Riding Hood ?

Red Riding Hood : Just outside this wood, Mr Wolf. My mother and I live in a cottage there.



Wolf : But where are you going all alone ?

Red Riding Hood : I'm going to my grandmother's house, I'm taking this basket of cakes and honey to her.

Wolf : Where does your grandmother live ?

Red Riding Hood : On the other side of this wood. Do you know the place where three old trees grow together ?
The little red and white cottage beside the trees belongs to my grandmother.

Wolf : Don't go alone in the wood, little Red Riding Hood. There are bad people around.

Red Riding Hood : You're right, Mr Wolf. Mummy told me to go straight to Granny's place without stopping anywhere. I stopped to pick these pretty flowers for Granny. She told me not to talk to anybody. I've talked to you. Now, I'm going straight to Granny's house.

(She runs towards the back of the stage and out.)

Wolf : (smiling wickedly) Ah, little girl. I know a short cut to your grandmother's house. You're going to get a surprise.

Scene II

(Inside Grandmother's house. The wolf opens the door and peeps into the room. There is no one there. The wolf jumps into Granny's bed and puts on her night cap over his own head. There is a knock on the door and Red Riding Hood comes in.)

Red Riding Hood : Good morning, Grandma. It's me, Red Riding Hood.

Wolf : (in a feeble voice) Good morning, my dear. Come in. How nice of you to visit me.

(Red Riding Hood comes closer to the bed.)

Red Riding Hood : What big ears you have, Grandma !

Wolf : The better to hear you with, my dear.

Red Riding Hood : What big eyes you have, Grandma !

Wolf : The better to see you, my dear.

Red Riding Hood : What big teeth you have, Grandma !





Wolf : The better to EAT you with, my dear.

(He jumps out of bed and tries to catch Red Riding Hood. She runs screaming to a corner of the room)

Red Riding Hood : Help ! Help ! The wolf is going to eat me !

(The door is pushed open from outside and a wood-cutter rushes in.)

Red Riding Hood : Help me, please.

Woodcutter : Don't worry, little girl.

(He hits the wolf with his axe. The wolf falls down dead.)

There ! That's the end of the big bad wolf. You're safe now, my child.

(An old woman enters the room.)

Grandmother : Goodness Gracious ! What's going on here ?
(Red Riding Hood runs to her and hugs her.)

Red Riding Hood : Oh Grandma, I'm so glad you're back. A big bad wolf was going to eat me, but this nice man saved me.

Grandmother : Well, young man, you've done a good job. Thank you for saving my grand-daughter's life.

(She puts Red Riding Hood into a chair and sits down in another.)

And now, tell me how it all happened.

CURTAIN

EXERCISES

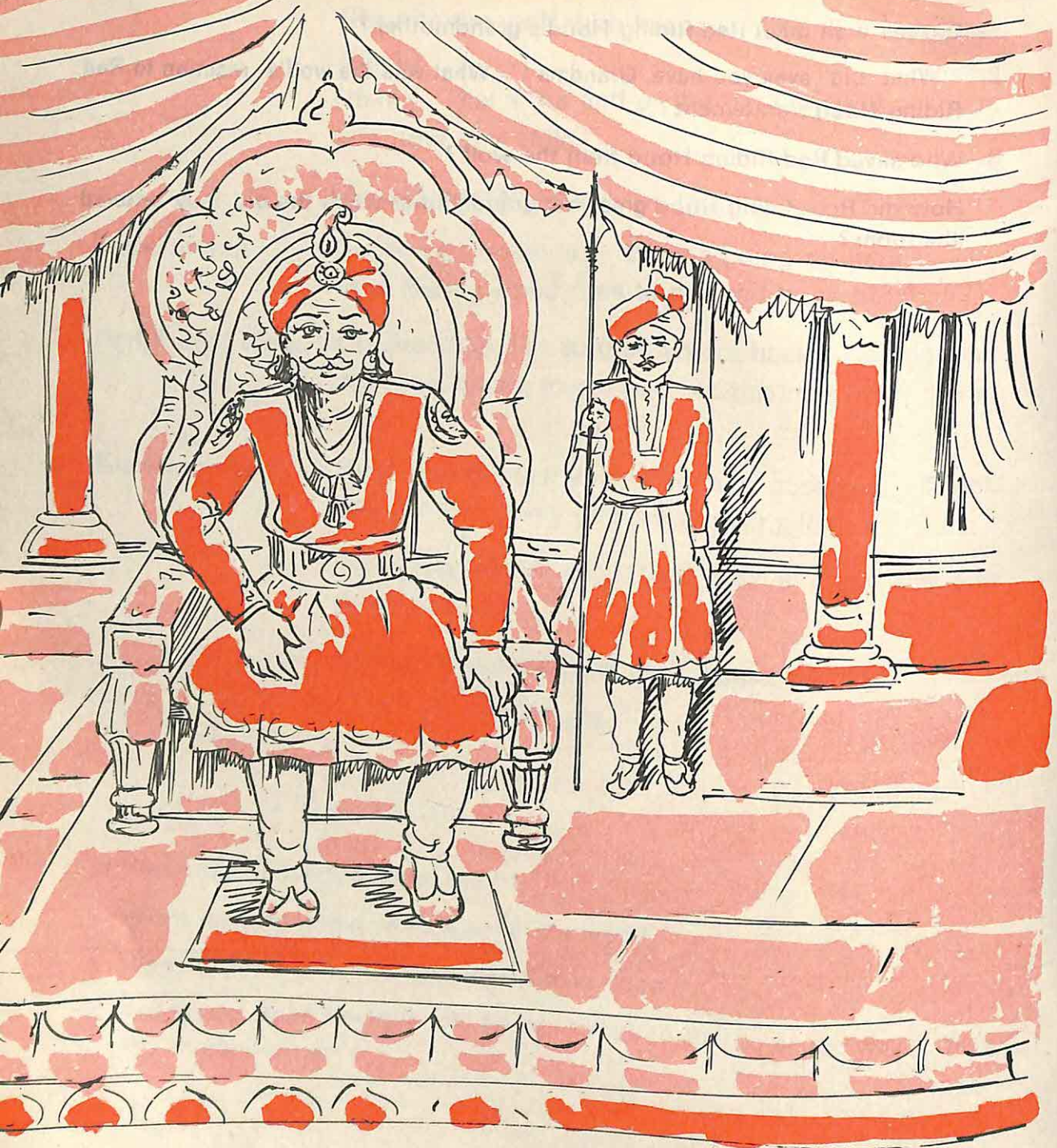
Scene I

1. Where did Red Riding Hood live ?
2. Where was she going when she met the wolf ?
3. What advice did the wolf give Red Riding Hood ?
4. Red Riding Hood's mother told her not to talk to anyone on the way. Was she an obedient girl ?

Scene II

1. Did the wolf meet Red Riding Hood's grandmother ?
2. "What big eyes you have, Grandma !" What was the wolf's reaction to Red Riding Hood's statement ?
3. Who saved Red Riding Hood from the wolf ?
4. How did Red Riding Hood greet her grandmother when the old lady entered the room ?

7. FALSE DIAMONDS



The king was old and weak. "I'm going to die soon", he said to himself. "My son is young. I'm going to find a good adviser for him"

One day he called all his noblemen to his court and said to them, "I'm going to ask you a question. Please answer it honestly. The question is, 'Did I make many mistakes last year?'"

The noblemen said, "No, your Majesty. You're like God. You didn't make any mistake."

The king smiled, gave a diamond to each of them.

In one corner sat a nobleman. He heard the other noblemen's reply, but he didn't say anything. The king asked him, "What's your answer to my question?"

The nobleman stood up and bowed. "You're a good king but you're a man and all men make mistakes."



"You're an honest man, my friend", said the king. "I'm going to make you my son's adviser."

The next day the other noblemen came to the king. They bowed low before him and said, "Your Majesty, we would like to submit most humbly that the diamonds you gave us yesterday are false."

"I know", said the king. "They're as false as your answer to my question."

EXERCISES

I. Complete these :

- 1) The king said, "Before I die, I'll"
- 2) The king asked the noblemen, "....." ?
- 3) The nobleman sitting in the corner said that the king was a man and all men
- 4) The king made him his son's adviser because he spoke.....

II. Answer these :

- 1) "You didn't make any mistake." Was this reply of the noblemen correct or incorrect ?
- 2) Did the noblemen give this reply because they were dishonest or foolish'.
- 3) One nobleman told the king the truth. Do you think the king gave him a genuine diamond or a false one ?



8. MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS



Seth Poppat Lal was a silk merchant. He travelled a great deal and bought rich silks from all over the world. He sold these and made a good profit. He had a donkey to carry his silks from house to house, and a dog to guard his house.



One night a thief got into the house. The donkey and the dog were outside in a shed at the back of the house. The thief did not see them but the animals saw him.

"There's a thief getting into the house," said the donkey to the dog. "Aren't you going to bark?!" "No," answered the dog. "I want the thief to steal the master's silks. Then he will know he needs me. So far there have been no thieves in this house and he thinks I have no work to do. As a result he doesn't look after me well."



"You're a naughty animal," cried the donkey. "You're not doing your work, so I'll do it for you." He then brayed loudly. The sound frightened the thief and he ran away as fast as he could. The merchant and his servants came running out of the house but found no one there. "You're a naughty animal to wake us up for nothing," cried the merchant and beat the donkey with a stick.



"That'll teach you to mind your own business," said the dog.
"You do your work and let me do mine."

"You're right," said the donkey sadly. "In future I'll mind my own business."

EXERCISES

1. What two animals did the merchant have ?
2. The merchant sold silk. How did the donkey help him ?
3. "You're not doing your work," said the donkey to the dog. What was the dog's work ?
4. Why did the donkey bray ?
5. Who was loyal to his master—the dog or the donkey ? What reward did he get for his loyalty ?
6. "Mind your own business," was the advice given by the dog. Is this a good principle to follow ?

9. WHY THE SEA IS SALTY



Once there were two brothers—Shankar and Shiv. Shankar was a rich merchant, but Shiv was a poor farmer.



Diwali was only four days away and Shiv and his wife had nothing to eat. So he went to his brother. "Shankar," he said. "Diwali is only four days away and I have no money or food. Please give me some."

Shankar was a selfish man. He did not want to give his brother money but he wanted to send him away quickly. So he gave him a small bag with some rice in it.



On way back to his house he saw an old man near a tree.

The Old Man : Young man, come here. (Shiv went to him). What's in your bag ?

Shiv : I have some rice in it.

The Old Man : Please give me the bag of rice. You're young and can work hard. I'm old and can't work any more. I'm tired and hungry.

Shiv was kind-hearted and gave the bag of rice to the old man. Suddenly the old man turned into a handsome young prince. "I'm the king of Magic Land," he said. "You're a kind man and I'm going to reward you. Here, take this magic bag. I'll teach you two magic words. Say the first one and hold the bag upside down. It will give you anything you ask for. When you have enough, say the second magic word and fold the bag." He then whispered two words into Shiv's ear.

"Thank you, Sir", said Shiv and went home happily. He told his wife all that had happened. Soon they had a big house, beautiful clothes, plenty of delicious food and a great deal of money. Shiv shared his wealth with his friends and the poor.





One day a richly dressed man came to Shiv. "I'm a salt merchant," he said. "I've heard about your magic bag and want to buy it. I can then get as much salt as I want."

"I'm sorry, but I'll not sell the bag," said Shiv.

The salt merchant was a crook. He made one of Shiv's servants steal the bag for him. The servant also told the merchant the first magic word.

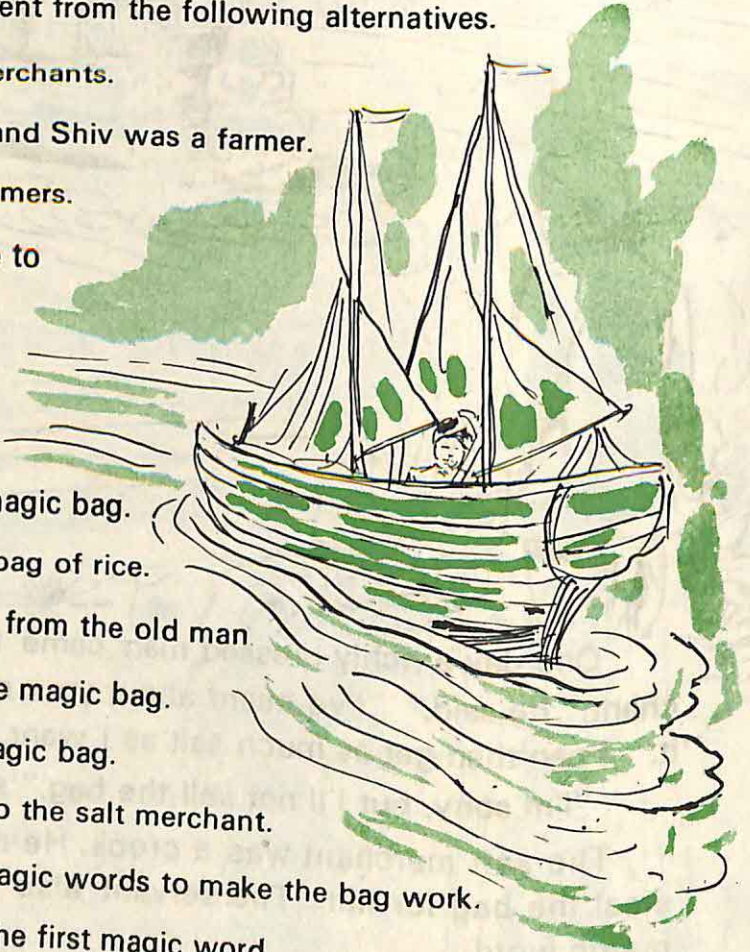
Soon the merchant sailed away in his ship. When he was many miles away from the shore he spoke the magic word and turned the bag upside down. Salt began pouring out of the bag. It soon filled the whole ship. The merchant was very happy.

"That's enough. Stop now," ordered the merchant. But the salt would not stop. The merchant did not know the second magic word which could make it stop. The ship couldn't stand the weight of so much salt and sank. Everyone fell into the sea. The bag also fell into the water, but the salt continued to pour out. Some believe that the bag is still at the bottom of the sea and the salt is pouring out of it and that is why the sea is salty.

EXERCISES

Choose the correct statement from the following alternatives.

1. a) Shankar and Shiv were merchants.
b) Shankar was a merchant and Shiv was a farmer.
c) Shankar and Shiv were farmers.
2. Shiv went to Shankar's house to
a) wish him a happy Diwali.
b) to ask for some food.
c) to invite him for a meal.
3. a) Shiv gave the old man a magic bag.
b) The old man gave Shiv a bag of rice.
c) Shiv received a magic bag from the old man.
4. a) The salt merchant stole the magic bag.
b) Shiv's servant stole the magic bag.
c) Shiv gave the magic bag to the salt merchant.
5. a) The merchant knew the magic words to make the bag work.
b) The merchant knew only the first magic word.
c) The merchant knew how to make the bag stop producing things.



10. SNOW-WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS

Part I



Once there was a queen who had a beautiful baby girl called Snow-White. When her daughter was four years old the queen died and the king married again. The new queen was very beautiful but she was very proud and wicked. She had a magic mirror in her room. Every morning she stood in front of it and said,

"Mirror, Mirror on the wall

Who is the fairest in the land?"

The mirror answered, "Lovely Queen, you're the fairest in the land", and she was very happy.

Soon Snow-White grew up into a lovely young girl, and one day the queen got this answer from her mirror, "Dear Lady, you're beautiful, but Snow-White is the fairest in the land."

The wicked queen grew very angry. She at once ordered a hunter to take Snow-White into the forest and kill her there.



The hunter took Snow-White into the forest but did not kill her. He let her go saying, "Sweet Princess, run away from here. Otherwise the queen will kill you."

Snow-White wandered through the forest till at last she came to a pretty little cottage. She was feeling tired and hungry and went inside. There she found a table laid with food and milk for seven people. Along one wall of the room stood seven little beds. Snow-White ate a little from each plate and drank a little from each cup. Then she lay down in the last cot and fell fast asleep.



The cottage belonged to seven dwarfs who went into the nearby mountains, searching for gold. When they came back that evening they found their plates and cups disarranged and Snow-White sleeping on a cot. She looked so lovely that they did not wake her and the youngest dwarf slept a little while with each of his six brothers. The next morning when Snow-White woke up she saw the seven dwarfs in the room. At first she was rather scared but soon saw that the dwarfs were kind and friendly. "Will you stay with us and look after our house?" they asked her.

"Oh, I'd love to do that," said Snow-White. "Thank you."

So she lived happily with the seven dwarfs. They heard her story and told her to be careful. "The queen tried to kill you," they said. "She'll soon know that you're alive and will try to kill you again." Snow-White promised the dwarfs to be careful.

EXERCISES

Which of the following statements are true and which are false.

1. Snow-White's mother was very wicked.
2. The king married a second time.
3. The hunter tried to kill Snow-White.
4. The cottage in the forest belonged to seven dwarfs.
5. The dwarfs did not want Snow-White to live in their cottage.
6. Snow-White was more beautiful than her step-mother.



11. SNOW-WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS

Part II



Now back at the palace the queen went to her magic mirror and said,

"Mirror, Mirror on the wall

Who is the fairest in the land ?
and the mirror answered,

"Queen, you are very fair but Snow-White living in the forest,
is a thousand times more fair."

The queen became green with jealousy. She immediately made plans to go herself and kill Snow-White. She went to the dwarfs' cottage dressed as an old woman selling laces.

She knocked on the door and Snow-White opened it. "Who're you?" asked the girl. "I've some beautiful laces to sell," answered the queen. "They'll look very nice on you. Come, I'll tie one round your waist."



Snow-White liked the pretty laces very much and stepped out of the house. The wicked queen picked up a pink and blue lace and tied it so tightly round Snow-White's waist that her breath stopped, and she fell down unconscious. The queen thought she would die and she went back to the palace.

That evening, when the dwarfs returned home they found Snow-White lying unconscious outside their house. They saw the tight lace round her waist. They untied it and Snow-White started breathing again. "It was the wicked queen dressed as a lace-seller," the dwarfs told her. "In future don't step out of the house." Snow-White promised to do as they wished.



Soon the wicked queen learned from her magic mirror that Snow-White was still alive. She went to the cottage again, but this time she sold combs. She dipped a comb in poison and put it with the others. Snow-White came to the door but would not come out. "Never mind," said the queen. "I'll come inside and comb your hair for you," She then picked up the poisoned comb and combed Snow-White's hair. Suddenly she pressed the comb hard into her head and the poison made Snow-White faint. The queen thought Snow-White was dead. She was happy.

In the evening the dwarfs found Snow-White unconscious again. But they soon saw the comb and pulled it out and Snow-White became well. "Please remember not to open the door to anyone," said the dwarfs, and Snow-White promised to follow their advice.

EXERCISES

Which of the following statements are true and which are false:

1. The mirror told the queen that Snow-White was living in the forest.
2. The queen went to the forest to buy some laces.
3. Snow-White tied a pink and blue lace round her waist.
4. Snow-White fell down unconscious because the lace was tied too tight.
5. The dwarfs told Snow-White not to step outside the house.

12. SNOW-WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS

Part III



But the queen soon learned that Snow-White was still not dead. She thought of a clever plan. She chose a dozen ripe red apples and put them into a basket. She chose the best one and poisoned half of it. She again disguised herself as an old woman and went to Snow-White's cottage. "Who is it?" asked the girl when the queen knocked on the door.

"I have some lovely red apples to sell," answered the queen in an old woman's voice. "Come and see them."

"I've promised not to open the door to anyone," said Snow-White from inside the house.

"Then open the window and look at them," said the queen.

Snow-White thought there would be no harm in doing that. She liked the apples very much but remembered the words of her little friends. "No, thank you," she said. "They look delicious, but I can't buy them."



"Then I'll give you one," said the wicked queen. "And to show you that there is nothing wrong with it I'll eat one half." She then bit into the good half and gave Snow-White the poisoned half. Snow-White took it and bit into the red juicy fruit. The poisoned piece stuck in her throat and she fell down unconscious. The queen went back

to the palace and asked her magic mirror who was the fairest in the land, and it answered

"You are the fairest of all."

At last she was happy.

That evening the dwarfs came back from work to find Snow-White unconscious again. But this time they could not find the cause of her unconsciousness. The dwarfs were very sad. Snow White looked as if she was sleeping. The dwarfs did not want to bury her. So they made a glass coffin and put her into it. They carried it to the top of the hill.



A handsome prince saw the beautiful girl in the glass coffin. He fell in love with her. He begged the dwarfs to give him the glass coffin with Snow-White in it. At first they refused but he begged so earnestly that they agreed. The prince got down from his horse and helped the dwarfs lift up the coffin. The movement caused the poisoned piece of apple to fall out and Snow-White woke up. "Where am I?" she cried in a frightened voice.

The prince opened the glass lid of the coffin and Snow-White stepped out. She looked more lovely than before. "Dear Princess, please marry me," he said. "The dwarfs can come and live with us at my palace." Snow-White agreed happily. Invitations were sent out to all the kings and queens. The wicked queen received one too, and came to the wedding. But when she saw that the bride was Snow-White and that she looked more beautiful than ever before she grew very angry. She stamped her foot so hard that she went right through the floor and was never seen again. Snow-White, her husband and the dwarfs lived happily ever after.





EXERCISES

Which of the following statements are true and which are false:

1. The wicked queen took a basketful of poisoned apples to Snow-White.
2. Snow-White bought a lovely red apple.
3. A piece of poisoned apple stuck in Snow-White's throat and she fainted.
4. The dwarfs put Snow-White into a glass coffin because they didn't want to bury her.
5. The prince wanted to marry Snow-White.
6. The seven dwarfs killed the wicked queen when she came to the wedding.

13. THREE FRIENDS ON A HOLIDAY

(Three young men, George, Jerome and Harris, with their dog, Montmorency, decide to spend their holiday by 'going up the river'. Many funny things happen to them. Read the story and find out (a) why at one time the police suspected George (b) How Jerome had to swim on a cold morning, and (c) how Harris cooked eggs. What is it in these incidents which makes you laugh ?)

I woke at six next morning, and found George awake too. We both turned round and tried to go to sleep again, but we could not. Had there been any particular reason why we should not have gone to sleep again, we should have dropped off while we were looking at our watches, and have slept till ten. As it was not necessary for us to get up for the next two hours at the very least, it was just natural that we should both feel that lying down for five minutes more would be the death of us.

George said that the same thing, only worse, had happened to him some eighteen months ago, when he was lodging by himself in the house of a certain Mrs. Gippings. He said that his watch went wrong one evening and stopped at a quarter past eight. He did not know this at the time because, for some reason or other, he forgot to wind it up when he went to bed (a very unusual thing for him) and just hung it up over his pillow without ever looking at it.

It was in the winter that this happened, very near the shortest day, and in a week of fog to make it worse, so the fact that it was still very dark when George woke in the morning did not tell him any thing about the time. He reached up and pulled down his watch. It was a quarter past eight.

"Good Heavens ?" cried George. "And here I have got to be in the City by nine. Why didn't somebody call me ? Oh, this is a shame". And he threw the watch down, and jumped out of bed, and had a cold bath, and washed himself, and dressed himself, and shaved himself in cold water because there was no time to wait for the hot, and then had another look at the watch.

If the shaking it had received in being thrown down on the bed had started it, or how it was, George could not say, but certain it was that from a quarter past eight it had begun to go, and now pointed to twenty minutes to nine.

George took it and ran downstairs. In the sitting-room all was dark and silent; there was no fire, no breakfast. George said it was a wicked shame of Mrs. G, and he made up his mind to tell her what he thought of her when he came home in the evening. Then he put on his overcoat and hat and made for the front door. It was not unlocked. George thought it very strange that people could not get up at a respectable time, opened it, and ran out.

He ran hard for a quarter of a mile, and at the end of that distance it began to seem strange to him that there were so few people about, and that there were no shops open. It was certainly a very dark and foggy morning, but still it seemed rather unusual to stop all business because of that. He had to go to business; why should other people stop in bed just because it was dark and foggy?

At last he reached Holborn. No shop was open! Not a bus was about! There were three men in sight, one of whom was a policeman. George pulled out his watch and looked at it: it was five minutes to nine. He stood still and counted his pulse. He bent down and felt his legs. Then with his watch still in his hand, he went up to the policeman, and asked him if he knew what time it was.

"What the time is?" said the man, looking at George. "Why, you listen, you will hear it strike."

George listened, and a clock nearby struck.

"But it has only gone three?" said George in a hurt tone, when it had finished.

"Well, and how many did you want it to go?" replied the policeman.

"Why, nine", said George, showing him his watch.

"Do you know where you live?" said the guardian of law and order.

George thought a little and gave the address.



Oh, that's where it is, is it?" replied the man.

"Well, take my advice and go there quietly, and take that watch of yours with you; and don't let us have any more of it."

And George went home again, thinking as he walked, and let himself in. At first, when he got in, he made up his mind to go to bed again; but when he thought of dressing and washing again, and having another bath, he made up his mind not to go to bed, but to sit up and go to sleep in an easy-chair.

But he could not get to sleep; he never felt more awake in all his life; so he lit the lamp and tried to read. He did not seem able to take any sort of interest in reading, so he put on his coat again and went out for a walk.

It was very lonely, and all the policemen he met looked at him as if they suspected him, and turned their lanterns on him, and this had such an effect upon him at last that he began to feel as if he

really had done something wrong, and he began going down the side-streets and hiding when he heard the steps of a policeman. Of course, this made him more suspected than ever before, and they would come and find him and ask him, what he was doing there. When he answered "Nothing," that he had just come out for a walk (it was then four o'clock in the morning), they looked as if they did not believe him, and two policemen came home with him to see if he really did live where he said he did. They saw him go in with his key and then they took up a position on the other side of the road watching the house.

He thought that he would light a fire when he got inside, and make himself some breakfast just to pass away the time. But he did not seem able to handle anything without dropping it or falling over it, and making such a noise that he was in mortal fear that it would wake Mrs. G. up and that she would think there were thieves and open the window and call "Police"? Then these two policemen would come in and march him off to the police-court. He was so nervous that he gave up trying to get breakfast, put on his overcoat and sat in the easy-chair till Mrs. G. came down at half-past seven.

He said that he had never got up too early since that morning. It had been a warning to him.

We had been sitting on our rugs while George had been telling me this true story, and when he finished, we started to wake Harris with a scull. The third time did it; and he turned over on the other side and said he would be down in a minute, and were his boots polished. We soon let him know where he was, however, with the help of the boathook, and he sat up suddenly, sending Montmorency, who had been sleeping right on the middle of his chest, kicking across the boat.

Then we pulled up the canvas, and all four of us put our heads out over the off-side, and looked at the water and shivered. The idea last night had been that we should get up early in the morning, throw off our rugs, and jump into the river with a happy shout and have a long, delightful swim. Somehow, now the morning had come, the idea seemed less tempting. The water looked wet and cold, and the wind felt cold.



"Well, who is going to be first in ?" said Harris at last.

We did not fight to be the first. George settled the matter for himself by sitting down in the boat and pulling on his socks. Montmorency howled as if thinking of the thing had made him afraid; and Harris said it would not be easy to get into the boat again, and went back and tried to find his trousers.

I did not like to give in, though I did not like to jump into the water. There might be weeds about, I thought. I meant to go down to the edge and throw water over myself; so I took a towel and crept out on the bank, and holding a branch, I went down to the river. It was bitterly cold. The wind cut like a knife. I thought I would not throw water over myself after all. I would go back to the boat and dress; and I turned to do so and, as I turned, the silly branch gave way, and I and the towel went in with a gallon of Thames water inside me before I knew what had happened.

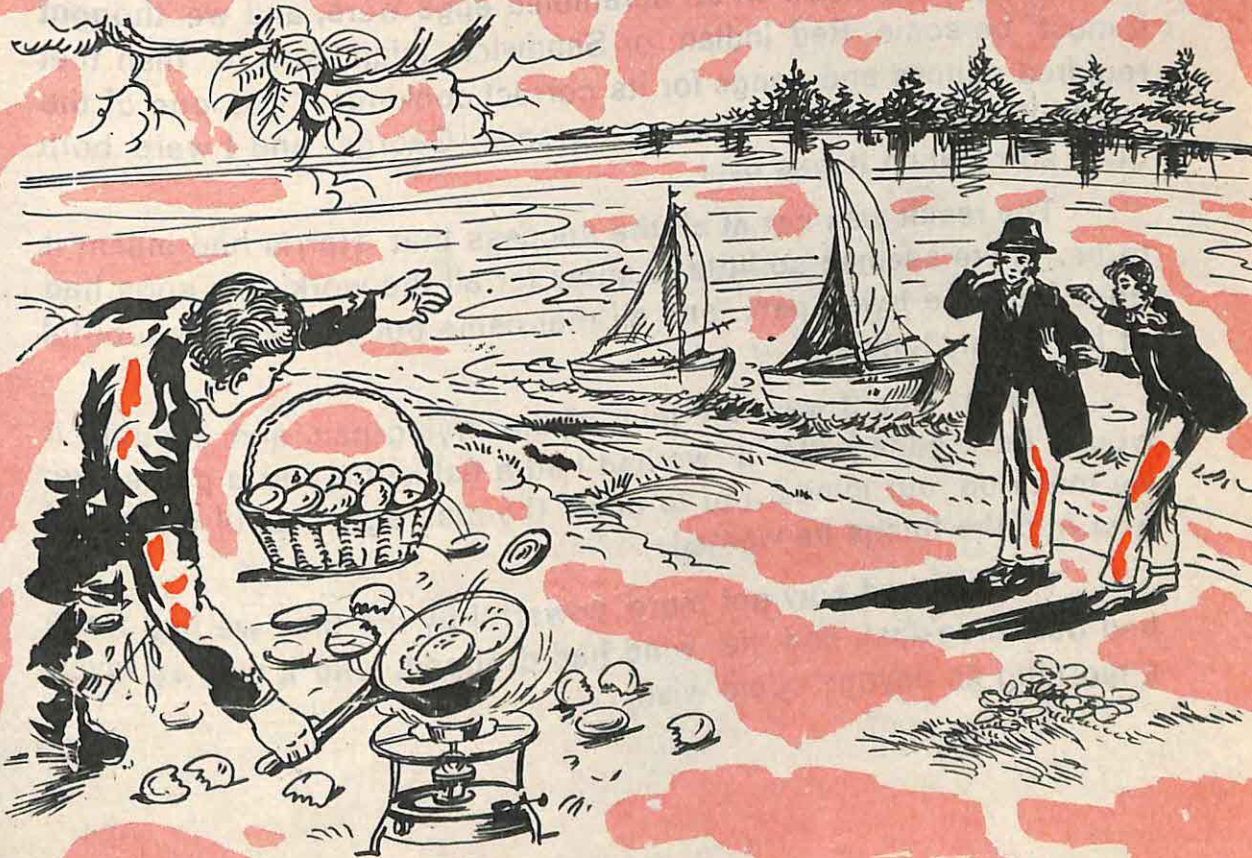
"Dear me, old J. has gone in". I heard Harris say, as I came up to the surface again. "I didn't think he had the courage to do it. Did you?"

"Is it all right?" sang out George.

"Lovely," I cried, "you are fools not to come in. I wouldn't have missed this for worlds. Why won't you try it?"

But I could not make them go in.

Harris said that we should have scrambled eggs for breakfast. He said that he could cook them. It seemed, from what he said, that he was very good at doing scrambled eggs. He often did them at picnics and when out on yachts. He was quite famous for them. People who had once tasted his scrambled eggs, so we understood from his conversation, never cared for any other food afterwards, but fell ill and died when they could not get them.



It made our mouths water to hear him talk about the thing, and we gave him the stove and the frying pan and all the eggs that had not smashed and gone over everything in the basket, and asked him to begin.

He had some trouble in breaking the eggs-or rather not so much trouble in breaking them exactly as in getting them into the frying-pan when broken, and keeping them off his trousers and in stopping them from running up his sleeves. But he fixed some half-a-dozen into the pan at last and then sat down by the side of the stove and stirred them with a fork.

It did not seem to be easy so far as George and I could see. Whenever he went near the pan he burned himself, and then he would drop everything and dance round the stove, swearing at the things. Indeed, every time George and I looked round at him he was sure to be doing this. We thought at first that he had to do this to get the right taste.

We did not know what scrambled eggs were, and we thought it must be some Red Indian or Sandwich Island sort of dish that required dances and songs for its correct cooking. It was one of the most interesting things I have ever seen. George and I were both quite sorry when it was over.

The result was not at all the success that Harris had meant it to be. There seemed so little to show for all the work. Six eggs had gone into the frying-pan, and all that came out was a teaspoonful of burnt ugly lumps.

Harris said it was the fault of the frying-pan, and thought it would have gone better if we had had a fishkettle and a gas-stove; we made up our minds not to have the dish again until we could give him the things he wanted.

The sun had now got more powerful by the time we had finished our breakfast, and the wind had dropped, and it was as lovely a morning as anyone could wish.

EXERCISES

1. George and Jerome, the narrators were fond of sleeping.
 - (a) What time did they get up on this particular morning ?
 - (b) When were they supposed to wake up ?
 - (c) They got up early as they were not :
 - (i) well (ii) excited or (iii) unlucky
2. Once, why did George get up at 3 in the morning ?
3. After running hard for a quarter of a mile, everything seemed a little strange to George. Mention two things which caused George some surprise.
4.
 - (a) How did George find out what time it was ?
 - (b) Why did the policemen ask George for his address ?
 - (c) Why did two policemen come home with him ?
 - (d) Why did George not make breakfast for himself ?
5. Jerome did not want to swim early in the morning ?
Why did he swim then ?
6. What happened to the scrambled eggs ?

14. I FIND A NEW HOME

(David Copperfield, a ten year old boy, was made to work hard in a shop in London. He was given very little money, and was always hungry and tired. He decided to run away to find his aunt, Miss Betsey Trotwood, his only relation in the world. He had only one trunk and a little money when he started, and was robbed of both on the way. At last, panting and crying, he decided to walk to Dover.)

I had to walk for six days to come to Dover. My money was all gone and I was hungry, thirsty, and tired. I began to inquire about my aunt, first among the boatmen, then among the cab-drivers, and finally among the shop-keepers. None of them seemed to know her.

A cab-driver, coming by with his carriage, dropped a package. I picked it up and gave it to him. Something goodnatured in the man's face, encouraged me to ask him if he knew Miss Trotwood's house.



"Trotwood," said he. "Let me see. Old lady. Carries a big bag. Kind of gruff and comes down upon you sharp?"

"Yes," I said. "I think she is the person"

"Why, then I'll tell you," said he. "You have to go up toward the heights," he pointed with his whip, "and keep right on. You'll come to some houses facing the sea. You'll find Miss Trotwood's house there"

At length I saw some houses before me. I went into a little shop and asked if they had heard of Miss Trotwood. A young woman in the shop turned round quickly.

"That is my mistress," she said. "What do you want with her, boy?"

"I want," I answered, "to speak to her, if I may"

The young woman told me that I should follow her if I wanted to meet Miss Trotwood. I guessed, correctly, that she was my aunt's maid.

I followed the young woman, and we soon came to a very neat little cottage. In front of it was a small garden full of flowers. They filled the air with perfume.

The young woman turned to me. "This is Miss Trotwood's," she said, "and that's all I have got to say." She left me standing at the garden gate and hurried into the house.

My shoes were by this time in a terrible condition. My hat was crushed and bent, and my shirt and trousers were stained with dew and grass and torn besides. My hair had not been combed. From head to foot I was powdered almost white with dust. In this condition, I waited to introduce myself to my aunt.

I lifted my eyes to an upstairs window. There I saw a red-faced, pleasant-looking gentleman with gray hair. He looked at me, winked one eye, nodded his head several times, laughed, and went away.

I was surprised by this behaviour. I was on the point of running away. Then there came out of the house a tall lady with a handkerchief tied over her cap. She wore gardening gloves on her hands, and carried a great knife. I knew her immediately to be Miss Betsey. She came out of the house exactly as my poor mother had so often

described her coming up our garden at Blunderstone.

"Go away !" said Miss Betsey, shaking her head and waving her knife. "Go along, no boys here!"

She stopped to dig up some little root in the corner of her garden and I watched her. Then, without a scrap of courage, but with a great deal of desperation, I went softly in and stood beside her.

"If you please, Aunt, I am David Copperfield. You came to our house on the night I was born and saw my dear mamma. She is no more, and I am a very unhappy boy. I have been taught nothing, and put to work not fit for me. It made me run away to you. I have walked all the way from London and have not slept in a bed." Here my courage gave way, and I burst out crying.

My aunt got up in a great hurry, took me by the collar, and led me into the house. The first thing she did there was to unlock a tall cupboard, bring out several bottles, and pour some of the contents of each into my mouth. Then she put me on the sofa, with a shawl under my head, and rang the bell. Her servant came in.



"Janet," said my aunt, "go upstairs and tell Mr. Dick I wish to speak with him"

After sometime, a gentleman came in laughing. He had winked at me from the upstairs window

"Mr. Dick," said my aunt, "don't be a fool. Nobody can show more sense than you can, if you have to."

The gentleman was serious immediately.

"Mr. Dick," said my aunt, "you have heard me mention David Copperfield. Now don't say you haven't. You know you have."

"David Copperfield?" said Mr. Dick. "David Copperfield. Oh, yes. To be sure, David. Certainly."

"Well," said my aunt, "this is his boy, his son. He has run away. What should I do with him?"

"What should you do with him?" said Mr. Dick, scratching his head. "Oh, do with him? Why, if I was you I should—" he looked at me, then said briskly, "I should wash him."

"Janet," said my aunt, "Mr. Dick sets us all right. Heat the bath."

Janet went away to get the bath ready. My aunt, stared out of the window, grew very tense and cried out, 'Janet! Donkeys!'

Janet came running up the stairs, rushed out on the little lawn, and drove off two donkeys, ridden by ladies. At the same time my aunt, rushing out of the house, caught the bridle of a third donkey carrying a child on its back and led him away from her precious lawn. She then boxed the ears of the unlucky donkey-boy.

My aunt hated the presence of a donkey over that patch of green. The appearance of a donkey on the lawn put a stop to all her other activities.

After my bath, I was dressed in some clothes belonging to Mr. Dick and was wrapped in a great shawl. I felt very faint and drowsy, and soon lay down on the sofa again and fell asleep.

I awoke after some time. Then we dined off roast chicken and pudding. My aunt ate her dinner in absolute silence, and I was very anxious to know her plans regarding myself.

After dinner my aunt sent for Mr. Dick again. He came down

and she asked him to listen to my story. She drew it from me by a series of questions.

"Now, Mr. Dick," said my aunt "I am going to ask you another question. Look at this child. What would you do with him now?"

"Do with him?" said Mr. Dick. "Do with him? Oh! I should put him to bed."

"Janet!" cried my aunt. "Mr. Dick sets us right. If the bed is ready we will take him up to it."

Janet said the bed was quite ready. I was taken up to it but rather like a prisoner, with my aunt in front, and Janet bringing up the rear. The room was a pleasant one, overlooking the sea. I was left there, with a little candle. I heard them lock my door on the outside, and decided that my aunt thought I had the habit of running away.

I lay awake for a little while and prayed, "God, never make me homeless any more." I seemed to float gradually away, then, into the world of dreams.



On going down in the morning I was more than ever anxious to know my aunt's plans regarding myself. We sat at the breakfast table, I knew I was the subject of her thoughts. Every time I looked up at her I found her looking at me.

We finished breakfast, and after a long time my aunt said :

"I have written to your step-father."

I asked, alarmed, if he knew my whereabouts.

"I have told him," she said, nodding.

I asked if I would be given up to him.

"I don't know," said my aunt. "We shall see."

My spirits sank under these words. My aunt, without seeming to pay much attention to me, put on an apron. She then busied herself with sweeping, dusting, and tidying up the room. After that she sat down to her sewing.

After a moment she said, "Go upstairs and ask Mr. Dick if he is getting on well with his memorial."

I rose promptly to carry out her wishes. Mr. Dick was intent upon his writing. I had enough time to observe the large supply of ink and pens. Then he noticed me.

"Ha !" said Mr. Dick. "How does the world go ?" He motioned me closer to him. "I should not wish it to be mentioned," he added in a low voice, "but it's a mad world."

Without saying anything else, I gave him my message.

"Well," said Mr. Dick, scratching his ear. "You may tell her that I—I believe I have made a start." He looked earnestly at me and asked if I knew the date of King Charles execution.

I said I believed it was the year 1649.

"Well," said Mr. Dick, scratching his ear again, "so the books say. But I think it's not possible. Please tell Miss Trotwood I am getting on very well."

Then he directed my attention to the large kite in the corner.

"What do you think of that for a kite ?" he said. "I made it. We'll go and fly it, you and I. There's plenty of string."

We parted the best friends possible.

"Well, child" said my aunt, when I went down stairs. "What of Mr. Dick ? What do you think of him ?" I hesitated then started to say that I thought him a very nice gentleman, but my aunt was not to be put off.

"Come. Speak out !" she insisted.

"Is he—is Mr. Dick at all out of his mind." I asked.

"Not a bit," said my aunt. "He has been called mad, and his brother wanted to shut him up in a mad house. But I told him to come and live with me. I understand him. He is a very friendly creature. But nobody knows this, except me."

I could think of nothing better to say than, "Oh, indeed !"

"I say again," said my aunt, "nobody knows that man's mind except myself. There's no harm in his flying a kite sometimes. Benjamin Franklin used to fly a kite."

EXERCISES

1. How did the cab-driver describe Miss Trotwood ? Was it a correct description ?
2. How did David look as he stood waiting in front of his aunt's house ?
3. What did David tell his aunt ? What was his Aunt's reaction ?
4. Miss Trotwood told Mr. Dick, 'Don't be a fool' Why ? Did she have a good opinion of Mr. Dick ? Give a reason for your answer.
5. Miss Trotwood informed David's step-father about his whereabouts. Why do you think, she did so ?
6. Why did David think that Mr. Dick was a little mad ?

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